ALL-ACTION EVERY MONTH • LET THE GALAXY BURN!!

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WARHAMMER MONTHLY

Exploding into action!

BLOODQUEST

PLUS: CRUSADER • PARIAH • DARKBLADE

WARHAMMER MONTHLY

BY THE EMPEROR, but it's quiet! Stuck out here in the Warp whilst my brave battle-brothers are even now gloriously sticking the Imperium boot into the foul minions of Chaos on a thousand worlds. It's so quiet here I can– What the...?

Claak. Clank. Clank. Sqeeeeee!

KHORNE'S VENGEANCE! *Boneblade, I cannot fathom how you fellows function in full plate body ormour like this. It's so restrictive and heovy! There's no freedom to swing o longsword, yet olone leop onto the enemy and sovage him with your teeth in o rabid bottle-frenzy.*

EMPEROR'S WRATH! You demented fool! What foul and twisted chaos filth have you found now? By the sacred oath, that looks like really ancient armour from some pre-Imperium world! And a whopping great sword too! Gutspew, you Chaotic fool! Where did you get *that* from?

NEVER MIND THAT! *Ho! Ho! Ho! I hovest thee now, Luconos! Thine Emperor connot sove thy sorry soul! Prithee, worm, thou ort right to be stortled, for with these weopons om I invincible! Verily, thy doom is fost upon thee, oh varlet!*

Schwoom! Schwoom! Schwoom!
Schwoom! Schwoom! Schwoom!

BY THE THRONE! Truly, you are completely pathetic, Gutspew. Covering yourself from head to toe in sheets of tin isn't going to save you. You know what's going to happen next, don't you? But in accordance to the ancient rules of chivalry I'll give you a chance. So... RUN!

ClaakClaakClankClaakClaakClaak
ClankTrIpOopsSLAMMM!!

VERILY, BUT THIS rank knave will never learnest. Oh well...

DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA!DAKKA! DAKKA!
DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA!DAKKA! DAKKA!

Inside this comic...

DARKBLADE
Transported into another realm by the dark forces within the Orb of Malkin, Malus Darkblade now wakes in the realm of the Screaming God Child...

BLOODQUEST
Leonatos and the Blood Angels battle to save the soul of their batle-brother, Palamon, from the foul clutches of Nurgle!

PARIAH: THE DAEMON HEART
introducing the Pariah, an enigmatic Eldar Warrior who quests for the souls of his brethren, only to discover the answers he seeks can be found with a certain Sister of Battle...

CRUSADER
Bretonnian knights are famed for their chivalry and code of honour – that is, until the Crusader steps onto the field of battle!

GAMES WORKSHOP

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SOMEWHERE IN THE WARP

VILE CHAOS-LOVING HERETIC WITCH OF THE MONTH!

• Ugh! Oh foul repulsive visions! How sickening! Just when the Inquisitor was in the grasp of Chaos, that feather-brained Sathos goes and messes it up! Aaaaahhh, but how typical of Tzeentch! Only Slaanesh could ever enslave the soul of one so devoted. Tzeentch simply doesn't understand the base desires of your simple human minds!

And speaking of base desires.... Sigh...I have a thing or two to say to Remora the Fallen. My dear, there is simply no such thing as an 'ex-Slaaneshi' priestess! Why, even in your pursuit of Baneblade (YUK! what is wrong with you, girl?) you are still playing to your Chaos-tainted blood! And as for that pathetic appeal for him to turn over his soul to our Lord – YOU ARE USELESS! I'm sure 'Lukey-Wukey' would agree, were he seeing things from this side of the Warp!

And I suppose you'll want me to say something nice now like 'congratulations on another Imperial-ridden issue. Well I will, so there! I'm especially pleased to see life hotting up for the Titan crew – although seeing them getting to grips with some Eldar would be nice! In fact seeing the Eldar at all would be a refreshing change! Aaaaaaaaaaaaahahahaahaaahaahaa!!

And now I must return to my schemes! The pleasure runes spell out a new and bloodied future for the Daemon world of Eidolon and I am curious to its conclusion... Oh, before I go, a quick word for you, Gutspew: perhaps if you tried killing Baneblade, you'd find your love life much more interesting!! Or have you forgotten the little card I sent you? Submit to Slaanesh!

— Farseer Karranie Straan, foremost of Straa-Hann!

By the throne ot Eerth, but these blesphemies cannot be allowed to pollute the light of day. Put youreelt ewey, witch! Cover yourselt with thie secred robe, in the torm of e free t-shirt.

• Greetings and may the Emperor bless you with his beneficence. First may I congratulate you on the pious greatness ot your sacred tome? I must say that Ephrael Stern is the best character I have seen in a long time. Can we not hear more of this most worthy Sister of Battle? Like how she escapes from that rock of a planet when the ship she flew in on blew up?

Secondly, in response to Lee Davis's letter in WHM 19, I can think of plenty of good castings for Warhammer movies. Like how about Daemonfuge with Jack Nicholson as Inquisitor Hand and Sandra Bullock or Sarah Michelle Geller as Ephrael Stern? Or how about Bloodquest with Tommy Lee Jones as Leonatos and Arnold Schwarzenegger as Cloten? Or maybe Titan with Richard E Grant doing Hekate and music from Queen? Can't you just picture Dictatio striding across the desert and blowing up Gargants to 'We will rock you'? The claps in the song could be the booms of the Titan's feet landing. Then there's the possibility of Inquisitor with Lord Defay played by Shaun Connery.

Kal Jerico and Darkblade have me stumped however. Who could be smooth or witty enough to play either of these two? Answers on a post card please!

Lastly I want to ask for more one-off strips like Zero Option, Flesh and Blood, and Predator and Prey. All ot these, I feel, are the best I've ever read. And most of all I want more from that grudge-bearing wee beggar Grundhelm. He provided vast amounts of amusement when he came out, was adopted as the mascot of the play I was in, and now appears in my dwarf army with his special weapon grudge axe. Why not more from him, maybe helping out defending the city of the White Wolf? And more on the incredible one-off characters we were introduced to like Haeroth the Damned – did he become Chaotic during the Fall or later? Is he aligned to Cypher? And Nemo the Faceless, is he an Inquisition agent? Maybe some strips on these characters could start a whole new series. Then I could have a real model of Grundhelm for my army!

— Ben May, Ashton-under-Lyme, Lancashire

Do not telk to me ot heretic Traitor Merines! Is it not enough that their toul presence continues to herress our breve Blood Angels? I must sey I wes more then perturbed to leem thet Leonetos and his crew hed ellowed such tilth to live... but we know that evil will alweys get its come-uppence, oh yes.

• Life has been so boring in this Space Marine garrison. Tedium is only relieved when the Calamity Comissionary Corps takes in its delivery of comics. As soon as we can be excused guard duty, we holster bolters and chainswords and stomp down the slimey sidestreets of this Emperor-forsaken garbage pit, exchanging glares with the Orks, to collect our cure of boredom: WHM.

Of course, Warhammer Monthly is best of all, particularly Bloodquest with the adventures of my noble comrades, as they battle to survive and wrest victory from a very hostile and, dare I say it, Chaotic situation. Darkblade is interesting as he always comes up with a clever surprise to beat his enemies. I also like the Inquisitor storyline, it's very good and reminds me of Soloman Kane sniffing out darkness and evil.

— Major Ares Valentine, Middlesex

And ot course there is e message in the story for us all, for we must root out the evil that is Chaos wherever it menitests itself. But, by the Emperor,e re you really allowing Orks to live, merely striding pest without a care rether than hewing their disgusting green teces trom their equelly verdant shoulders? What'e wrong with you, men! I must contact the High Lords immedietely end heve e Commieser deepatched to investigate end castigate immedietely. Deeth to ell greenskin scum!

By the Emperor, but you must send in your battle orders, lest the forces ot Chaos overwhelm us all. And remember that a vestment of purity awaits the best messenger. Send your despatches from the front line me to me here at:

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Willow Rd
Lenton
Nottinghom
NG7 2WS • UK

or via the power of sub-Warp psyking to:

publishing@games-workshop.co.uk

THE ORB OF MALKIN SHATTERED, AND ITS ELDRITCH ENERGIES WERE LET LOOSE.
REALITY PARTED, AND THROUGH THE RENT, THE ACCURSED MALUS DARKBLADE FELL.
AND AS HE FELL HE DREAMED...
HE DREAMED OF A ROCK, AN OTHERNESSE, LOST IN TIME AND SPACE.
OF GUARDIAN DAEMONS WHO STOOD WATCH AT ITS LIMITS,
DAEMONS WHO WERE THERE NOT TO KEEP THE INSANITY OF THE REALM OF CHAOS OUT...
...BUT TO KEEP THE MADNESS IN.
AND, AT THE HEART OF THE ROCK HE DREAMED OF A FOUL PALACE DEDICATED TO CHAOS...
...AND AT THE HEART OF THE ROCK, A CHILD GOD THAT SCREAMED AWAY ETERNITY.

DarkBlade

BOOK II

Part Nine- Screaming God Child

Script: Dan Abnett Art: Kev Hopgood

WHY ISN'T HE SCREAMING ? WHY?
HE'S DEAD, THAT'S WHY
WE'RE ALL DEAD THAT DOESN'T STOP US SCREAMING
HMM. WELL .. HE'S NEW MAYBE HE HASN'T KNOWN THE TORMENT YET.
HE WILL THOUGH, DAMN HIM, WON'T HE?
OH YES HE WILL. WE ALL DO
THEN HE'LL START SCREAMING OH YES
IF THERE'S ANY SCREAMING TO BE DONE...
...YOU'LL BE DOING IT.

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
SO MANY STUPID QUESTIONS!
IT'S ALWAYS THE WAY WITH THE NEWCOMERS.
AND AFTER THE ANSWERS THE SCREAMING YES
ANSWER ME! WHERE AM I?
HA! YOU WON'T LIKE IT, DARK ELF SCUM!
NO, YOU WON'T.
A COUNT OF THREE, THEN I START KILLING!
KILLING? THAT WON'T GET YOU ANYWHERE, IDIOT FOOL!
AND WHO'S TO STOP ME?
OH.
TELL HIM. TELL HIM HE'S DOOMED.
NO, YOU.
VERY WELL. LET ME TELL YOU YOUR FATE MISERABLE WRETCH THAT YOU ARE

YOU ARE LOST, FOOL LIKE US. A LOST AND CURSED SOUL.
CONSIGNED FOR ETERNITY TO THIS PLACE THIS HELL.
I DREAMT.. OF A SCREAMING GOD CHILD.
IN MY DREAM, I KNEW HE WOULD ANSWER ANY QUESTION I SET HIM
YES! BEHOLD HIS CURSED DOMAIN!
THE CHAOS CHILD WILL ANSWER YOU RIGHT ENOUGH
FOR ALL THE GOOD THAT WILL DO YOU.
WHY?
BECAUSE YOU CAN'T LEAVE! FOOL!
ANY WHO PASS THROUGH THE GATES TO THE GOD CHILD'S REALM MUST STAY FOR ETERNITY! HA-HA-HA-HA-HAA!!

THERE IS SOME GOOD NEWS!
WE FOUND YOUR UGLY HORSE!
SPITE!
HE'S A FIERCE ONE, AND NO MISTAKE!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING, WORM?
TELL US! PLEASE TELL US!
I'M GOING TO FIND THIS GOD CHILD, ASK MY QUESTION, AND RIDE OUT OF HERE
SO WHICH WAY DO I RIDE? WHERE IS THIS SCREAMING GOD CHILD, THIS CHAOS PAWN?
WELL, GOOD LUCK!
LUCK? IF YOU'RE LUCKY YOU'LL BE ALLOWED TO DIE!

DO YOU NEED TO ASK?
NEXT- ANSWERS TO NOTHING!

BLOODQUEST
PART SIX
Gordon Rennie
Alan MacNeil
Fiona Stephenson
THE PLACE: THE PLAGUE CITY OF EBOLIS ON THE EYE OF TERROR HELLWORLD OF EIDOLON
THE OFFER: SAFE PASSAGE THROUGH THE TERRITORIES CONTROLLED BY THIS WORLDS CHOSEN DAEMON PRINCE OF NURGLE IN RETURN FOR THE SOUL OF THE DISEASE INFECTED BROTHER PALAMON
AND THE RESPONSE--?
SKLITCH!
CHAOS FILTH!
THE DEATHS OF A THOUSAND OF YOUR KIND STILL WOULDN'T BUY YOU THE SOUL OF ONE BLOOD ANGEL!

THEY FIGHT POORLY, THESE PLAGUE GOD FOLLOWERS, BUT THERE'S SO MANY OF THEM!
HAH, LET THEM COME, I SAY. LET THEM ALL COME!
NO MATTER HOW MANY OF THEM THERE ARE, I'LL DEAL WITH THEM ALL IN TURN!
KWUD!
BUT CLOTEN SHOULD BEWARE, FOR NURGLE IS THE GOD OF DISEASE AND DECAY, AND DECAY GIVES BIRTH TO NEW AND MORE VILE FORMS OF LIFE!
EMPEROR'S OATH--!
GHAAAASH! WHAT ARE THESE THINGS! GET THEM OFF ME! GET THEM OFF ME...!!
CLOTEN BEWARE! THAT FLAMER WEAPON--!

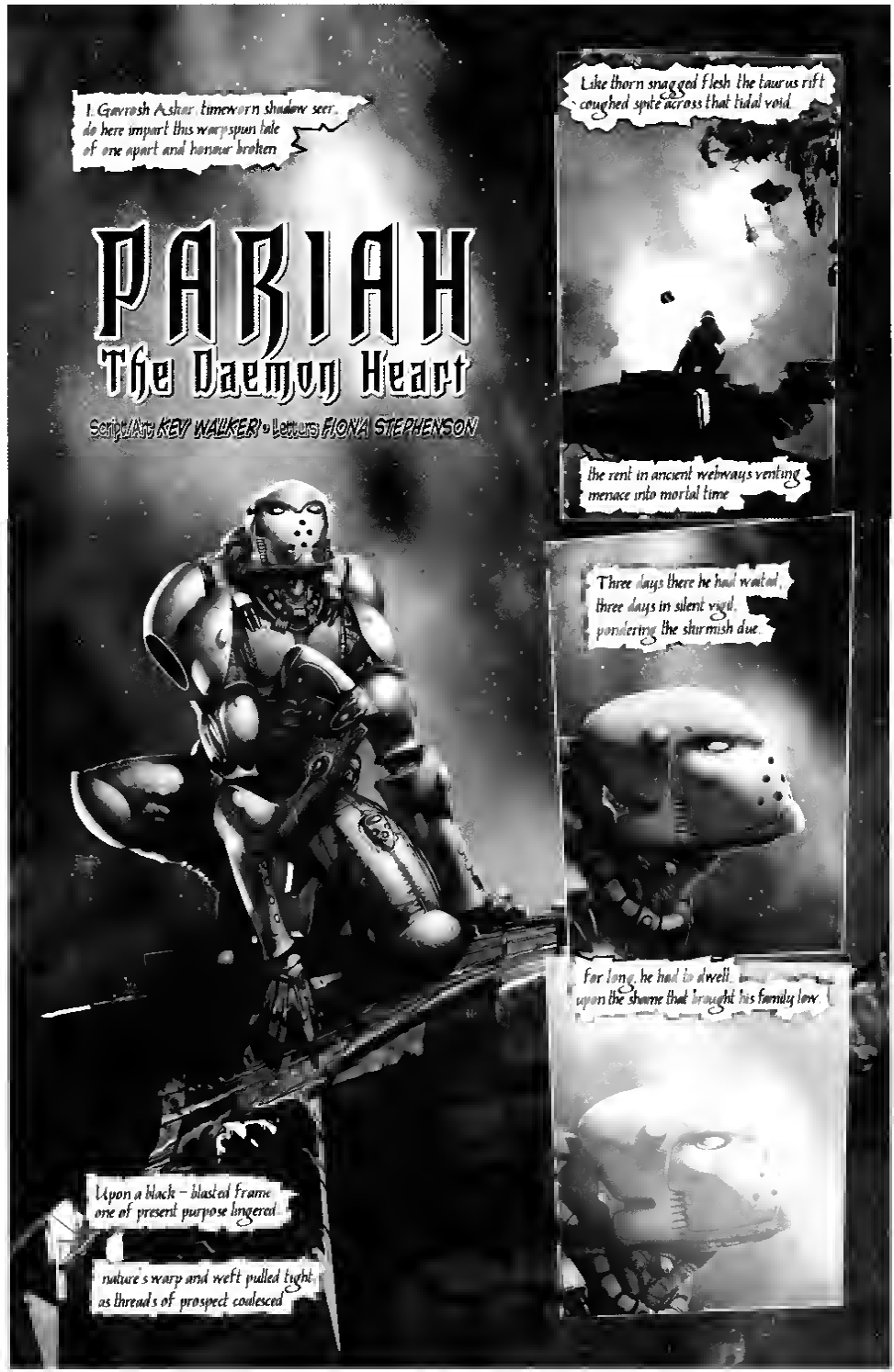
SHROOOOM!
GGGRAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!!
CHUDD
THANKS, NOVICE
BY SANGUINIUS, MAYBE WE'LL MAKE A REAL MARINE OF YOU YET!

THE DAEMON-LORD'S BODYGUARDS, LIEGE-CAPTAIN! DAEMON-THINGS AND TRAITOR MARINES!
HOW MUCH AMMUNITION DO YOU HAVE LEFT?
JUST THREE CLIPS OF BOLT PISTOL SHELLS, LIEGE-CAPTAIN
THEN USE THEM, SCOUT-NOVICE PROTEUS
USE THEM ALL!
BAKKA BAKKA BAKKA
BAKKABAKKA BAKKA BAKKA BAKKA
BAKKA BAKKA BAKKABAKKA BAKKABAKKA BAKKA
BAKKA BAKKABAKKA BAKKA
BAKKA BAKKA
LEONATOS HAS SEEN DAEMON-THINGS KILLED BEFORE, BUT THIS IS THE EYE OF TERROR, AND HERE THE RULES ARE DIFFERENT.
HERE, A DAEMON'S SPIRIT DOES NOT RETURN TO THE WARP WHEN ITS BODY IS DESTROYED.

HERE IT SURVIVES, FREE TO INHABIT THE BODIES OF ANY OF THOSE BEARING THE MARK OF ITS PATRON CHAOS GOD
FOR LEONATOS WOULD HAVE DONE WELL TO REMEMBER THAT NURGLE IS THE GOD OF DISEASE AND DECAY, AND THAT TO FIGHT HIS MOST FAVOURED CHAMPIONS IS TO TRY AND FIGHT DISEASE ITSELF--
PALAMON--!
KILL IT - TRY TO WIPE IT OUT AND IT MERELY RISES UP AGAIN SOMEWHERE ELSE!
AHHHH, MUCH BETTER...
MY THANKS, LORD LEONATOS. IT HAS BEEN SO LONG SINCE I FOUND A HUMAN FORM STRONG ENOUGH TO CONTAIN MY DAEMONIC ESSENCE. THIS SPACE MARINE BODY SHOULD LAST ME FOR CENTURIES.
YOU ARE FREE TO GO NOW. THE PRICE OF YOUR SAFE PASSAGE THROUGH MY PLAGUE TERRITORIES HAS BEEN PAID.
NOT YET IT HASN'T, DAEMON SCUM.
SCHAOWW!

NOW DAEMON SCUM
NOW THE PROPER PRICE HAS BEEN PAID.
THEY'RE FLEEING! WITH THEIR DAEMON LORD GONE THEY'RE AFRAID TO FACE US!
LET THEM RUN LET THEM HIDE IT WON'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE
FWAKKOOOM!
LET THIS PLACE BURN LET THE FLAMES SWEEP IT CLEAN

RENEGADE WHY AM I NOT SURPRISED TO SEE YOU HERE?
MY CONGRATULATIONS, LEONATOS. YOU HAVE SURVIVED THE SEA OF BLOOD YOU HAVE SCOURED CLEAN THE PLAGUE CITY OF EBOLIS
BUT, TELL ME, WHERE ARE THE NOBLE SERGEANT TRANIO AND THE REDOUBTABLE BROTHER PALAMON? SURELY THEY ARE STILL WITH YOU?
RENEGADE SCUM! FILTH SUCH AS YOU AREN'T EVEN WORTHY TO SPEAK THEIR NAMES—
CLOTEN, NO!
WHAT DO YOU WANT, RENEGADE? SPEAK NOW. FOR MY PATIENCE IS LIMITED
SO BE IT. I'LL PLAY YOUR GAMES AND MEET YOUR CHALLENGES, AND THEN, RENEGADE, THEN THERE WILL BE A FINAL RECKONING BETWEEN YOU AND I
I COME TO WARN YOU. YOU HAVE DEFEATED THE CHAMPIONS OF THE BLOOD GOD AND THE PLAGUE LORD BUT TWO MORE CHAOS POWERS REMAIN TO BE FACED.
BEWARE, LEONATOS YOU AND YOUR BRETHREN HAVE PROVEN YOUR WORTH IN BATTLE BUT THE COMING CHALLENGES WILL TEST YOUR SOULS RATHER THAN YOUR STRENGTH. OVERCOME THEM, AND THE PRIZE YOU SEEK WILL BE YOURS
A RECKONING, LEONATOS?
I LOOK FORWARD TO IT.
THE OTHERS MAY DIE, BUT MY MASTER AND I WANT YOU ALIVE WHEN YOU FINALLY COME BEFORE US
NEXT: SLAVE CARAVAN


I, Gavrosh Ashar, timeworn shadow seer,
do here impart this warpspun tale
of one apart and honour broken
PARIAH
The Daemon Heart
Script/Art KEV WALKER • Letters FIONA STEPHENSON
Like thorn snagged flesh the taurus rift
coughed spite across that tidal void,
the rent in ancient webways venting
menace into mortal time
Three days there he had waited,
three days in silent vigil,
pondering the skirmish due.
For long, he had to dwell
upon the shame that brought his family low.
Upon a black – blasted frame
one of present purpose lingered.
nature's warp and weft pulled tight
as threads of prospect coalesced

Viorag Naggath the SHIP OF FOOLS heaved forth in chaos fired sight,
its brief sojourn onto this mortal plane, commencing his determined plan,
Sand began to fall, each grain a ring against the glass of moments,
counting out his time,
those sharp and well honed actions made for this day
Born of the shame to which he draws full circle

His name, relinquished with his ancient role.
Once he had been Harlequin, a warrior of the dance.
Kygarid of the Bloody Tears.
A mythic name occluded ere his infamy erased.
It spurred him on, into the darkest recess of his gallows-haunted past.
There in that dark forsaken craft born alone by fear and madness, he deserted his troupe.
Deserted them abandoned them
in a torment swollen limbo.

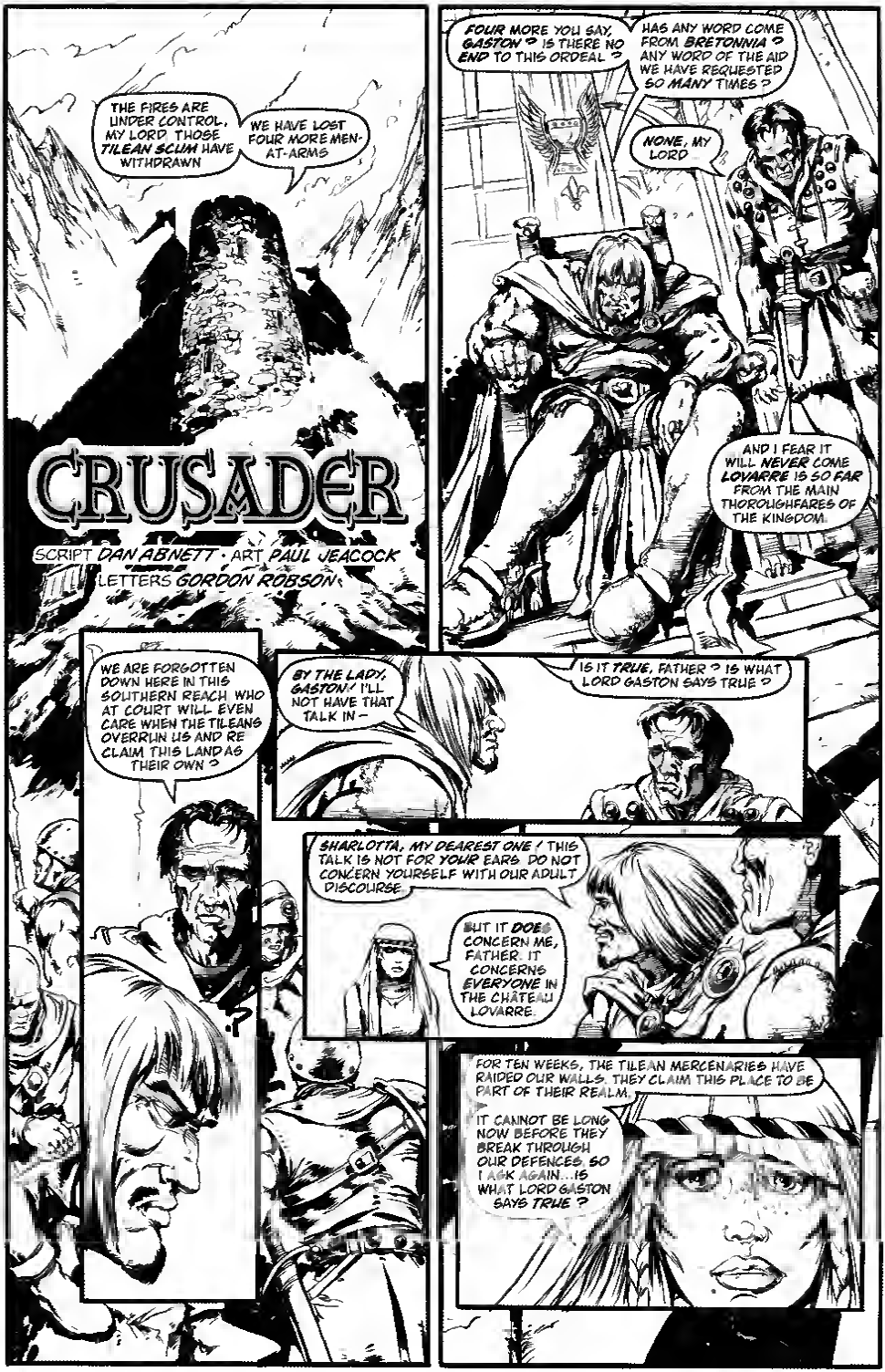
There they remained,
brittle boned and swathed in age's dust,
their SOUL-STONES left inviolate,
now grasped within the hands of this Pariah.
Three hundred years of guilt assuaged upon that act,
yet others of more dark design remained.

A fat and bloated demon heart, beating in it's brine – soaked shell.
Foul, twisted thing provided essence by the warp, given succour by the wraithbone core.
Blackened, soulless spawn of chaos, pumping venom through the crone ship's veins.
would cease
Tic Tic Tic
Tic Tic Tic
With his ultimate intent unveiled, a frenzied thrash and heave began.
that Foul familiar vessel, reaching out to grasp him.
to drain him, leave him hollow in it's cruel dead embrace.

But he, with purpose full engaged
and the weapons of the long - since dead
an outlet for long pent up rage
and timely escape were as one procured
The light of deliverance devoured Viorag Naggath

He found the gripping place
he found his breath, he found release
His friends, his life, his purpose, held in trembling hands
All found eternal solace, in the dome of crystal seers
BE IN THE DREAMING, FIND YOUR PEACE
And wait for him to join them

Kygarnil
Gaze upon my face, see what is yet to come.
When human worlds run sick with MORTAL BLOOD, and pyres of sun-bleached bones burn high into infernal night
A fallen one shall light the righteous path, guardian of the THRICE-BORN human child.
This is YOUR prophecy, Kygarnil
you are the KNIGHT OF SHADOWS.
So you have seen, so it shall be.
Make your peace and leave.
An End


THE FIRES ARE UNDER CONTROL, MY LORD. THOSE TILEAN SCUM HAVE WITHDRAWN
WE HAVE LOST FOUR MORE MEN-AT-ARMS
CRUSADER
SCRIPT DAN ABNETT · ART PAUL JEACOCK
LETTERS GORDON ROBSON
FOUR MORE YOU SAY, GASTON? IS THERE NO END TO THIS ORDEAL?
HAS ANY WORD COME FROM BRETONNIA? ANY WORD OF THE AID WE HAVE REQUESTED SO MANY TIMES?
NONE, MY LORD
AND I FEAR IT WILL NEVER COME LOVARRE IS SO FAR FROM THE MAIN THOROUGHFARES OF THE KINGDOM.
WE ARE FORGOTTEN DOWN HERE IN THIS SOUTHERN REACH. WHO AT COURT WILL EVEN CARE WHEN THE TILEANS OVERRUN US AND RE CLAIM THIS LAND AS THEIR OWN?
BY THE LADY, GASTON! I'LL NOT HAVE THAT TALK IN—
IS IT TRUE, FATHER? IS WHAT LORD GASTON SAYS TRUE?
SHARLOTTA, MY DEAREST ONE! THIS TALK IS NOT FOR YOUR EARS. DO NOT CONCERN YOURSELF WITH OUR ADULT DISCOURSE.
BUT IT DOES CONCERN ME, FATHER. IT CONCERNS EVERYONE IN THE CHÂTEAU LOVARRE.
FOR TEN WEEKS, THE TILEAN MERCENARIES HAVE RAIDED OUR WALLS. THEY CLAIM THIS PLACE TO BE PART OF THEIR REALM.
IT CANNOT BE LONG NOW BEFORE THEY BREAK THROUGH OUR DEFENCES. SO I ASK AGAIN...IS WHAT LORD GASTON SAYS TRUE?

WILL NO HELP COME FROM BRETONNIA IN TIME TO SAVE US ?
I SPOKE OUT OF TURN LADY SHARLOTTA. I DID NOT MEAN TO ALARM YOU
OF COURSE HELP WILL COME, MY DEAR. OF COURSE IT WILL
TO ARMS, TO ARMS ! THE TILEANS COME AGAIN !
HOW MANY TONIGHT ?
AT LEAST THREE DOZEN, MY LORD THEY ATTACK THE WESTERN WALL
SOUND THE ALARM ! TO THE WESTERN WALL WE MUST DRIVE THEM AWAY !
OH HOLY LADY OF THE WATER, HEAR MY PRAYER AND GRANT MY WISH. SEND US A KNIGHT TO SAVE OUR SOULS

CAN IT BE TRUE?
BY THE LADY, IT IS A MIRACLE!
OPEN THE GATES! OPEN THE GATES!
WELCOME TO LOVARRE, GENTLE FRIEND. HAVE YOU RIDDEN FAR?
AS FAR AS I HAD TO

I THANK THE LADY THAT SHE SENDS YOU TO US, DE RAKER YOU ARE THE ANSWER TO ALL OUR PRAYERS
THANK YOU, LORD TIBAULT. AND THANK YOU FOR THIS FINE FEAST OF WELCOME
I LIVE TO SERVE THE CAUSES OF HONOUR AND JUSTICE, AND DUTY BRINGS ME TO YOUR AID
MORE WINE, SIR KNIGHT ? AND YOU HAVE EATEN LITTLE YOU MUST BE FAMISHED AFTER YOUR LONG JOURNEY HERE
TAKE SOME OF THIS FINE VENISON
I WILL TAKE A LITTLE WINE AND SOME MORE BREAD AHD FRUIT
I HAVE NO STOMACH FOR FLESH
IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE WE CAN FURNISH YOU WITH IN PREPARATION FOR YOUR WORK
I MUST SHORTLY ADJOURN TO THE CHAPEL AND MAKE MY OBSERVANCES TO THE LADY
THERE IS ONE OTHER THING

IT IS CUSTOMARY FOR THE KNIGHT TO WEAR A FAVOUR FROM THE LADY OF THE HOUSE AS HE ENGAGES IN COMBAT.
IT WOULD BE MY HONOUR .....
MAY YOUR COURAGE NOT FAIL BRAVE KNIGHT
I THANK YOU, LADY
MAY THE LADY BLESS AND KEEP ME IN THIS TIME OF TRAVAIL
YOU SHOULD NOT BE HERE, LADY THE KNIGHT'S PREPARATIONS ARE SECRET AND PRIVATE
I COULD NOT HELP MYSELF, LORD GASTON

..HE IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING I HAVE EVER SEEN
PERHAPS, DEAR GIRL, BUT IT IS A TERRIBLE BEAUTY
THERE IS SOMETHING IN HIS MANNER AND HIS EYES THAT I-
WAIT! THE ALARM BELL SOUNDS! ANOTHER ATTACK IS UPON US!
BRAVE KNIGHT! THE TILEAN MERCENARIES ASSAULT OUR WALLS AGAIN! BATTLE IS JOINED!
I KNOW. I HEARD GET THE LADY TO A PLACE OF SAFETY
OPEN THE GATES, AND MAY THE LADY HAVE MERCY ON THEIR SOULS

WHAT IS THIS ?
WHAT DOES IT MATTER ? THERE IS ONLY ONE OF HIM
ONE IS ENOUGH.

THE ENEMY BREAK! BY THE LADY, HE HAS ROUTED THEM.
HE IS EVERYTHING WE HOPED FOR... AND THOUGH I SHOULD NOT SAY IT, EVERYTHING I FEARED.
HE...HE...THEY FALL. THEY SCREAM FOR MERCY.
STILL HE SLAUGHTERS THEM
YOU WERE RIGHT, LORD GASTON. A TERRIBLE BEAUTY.

IT IS OVER THEY WILL NOT TROUBLE YOU AGAIN
MY DUTY HERE IS DONE I WILL DEPART
WE SHOULD FEAST THIS VICTORY, BRAVE KNIGHT YOU SHOULD REST AND TEND YOUR WOUNDS
THERE IS NO NEED I HAVE COMPLETED THE TASK I CAME HERE TO DO
RETURN THIS TO YOUR DAUGHTER AND TELL HER I THANK HER FOR HER FAVOUR
SAFE JOURNEY, BRAVE KNIGHT
MY THANKS TO YOU AGAIN
FTUMPH!
FIN